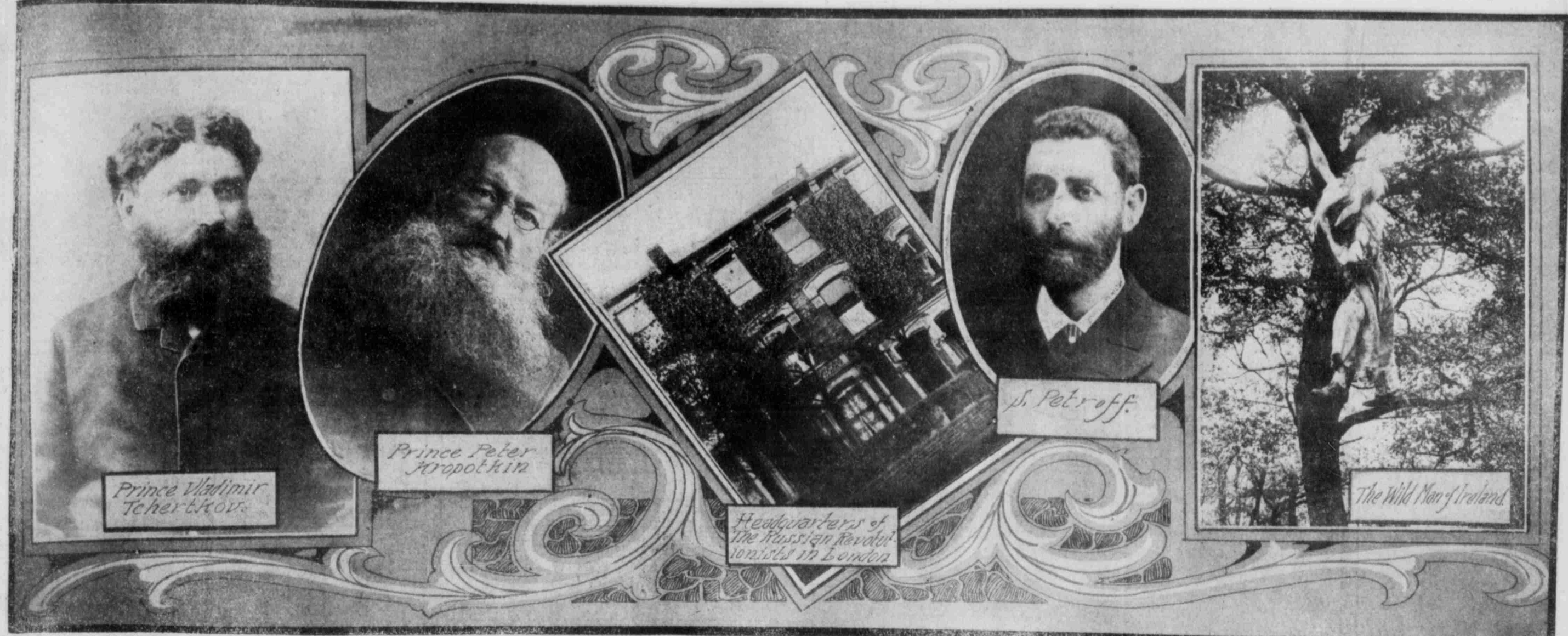


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



AMERICAN WIDOW SHOCKS THE KING

As a Result She is to Be Eliminated from Royal "At Homes" in the Future.

LORD HERBERT TEMPEST

British Society Fears He May Be Captured by an American Heiress While Visiting in This Country.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—In court circles a tale is being whispered about the disappearance of a certain beautiful high flier in the person of an American widow who was recently staying at Sandringham. The king made her acquaintance for the first time this year at Marienbad and in his first formal call gave her an "open" invitation to his Norfolk seat. She was quite determined that she was not to forget it, and recently wrote reminding him of his "promise." As everyone knows, King Edward is a man of his word, and in good time the queen, as he is wont to call her, came to Sandringham, which are much less formal than at the king's other residences, sent a friendly little letter to her. And she did, in great array, with his big dress trunks and other paraphernalia.

It is the custom at Sandringham for all the ladies of the party to retire when the queen does. Mrs. X—thought this very slow, indeed, and after having gone to her room, slipped downstairs again and went to the smoking room, where his majesty and the men were playing bridge. Every one was amazed at the fair apparition and wondered if she knew she was violating an unwritten law, yet one more stringent than those of the Medes and Persians. The king was in good humor and welcomed the intruder, and everything went merrily, the lady being witty and vivacious. When, however, some time in the small hours all were retiring, they encountered on the top of the staircase the queen's "right hand" in the person of "Chatty" Knollys, arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers, consternation prevailed.

Next day the queen was so distinctly in her manner to the beautiful and daring guest, that the latter thankfully realized that her "dine and sleep" visit was at an end.

Of course, she, like everyone else in the house, knew she had "done" for herself forever more in the matter of royal invitations.

A YOUNG LORD'S HEART.

Will Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest find his fate in America this time? Is the question which is being asked just now in the boulevards of Mayfair and Grosvenor. Of course the gossip has been spreading that his heart is already in the hands of a young and beautiful American heiress, no other than the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Hope, whom he is going to visit in Philadelphia, starting on his journey as early as next week.

Lord Herbert is 45—old enough to be the young lady's father. Again, it is generally believed that he is not of any race.

And there will be weeping and wailing among the matrons of Mayfair when the young lady is captured while in Philadelphia. How could it be otherwise? When he is one of the most cultured men in society and one of the most cultured men in society and one of the most cultured men in society.

CZAR'S HALFBROTHER LEADS PLOTS TO DETHRONE RULER

Prince Vladimir Tcherikoff, Natural Son of Alexander III, is Most Active Among Russian Refugees and Revolutionaries in England, Who are Continually Plotting to Abolish Czarism—Associated With Men Deep in the Plot Which Led to the Assassination of his Grandfather, and Would Help Them Hurl His Brother from Power.

LONDON, Nov. 28.—Prominent among the Russian refugees and revolutionaries in London who are ever busy plotting to dethrone the czar and overturn his government is Prince Vladimir Tcherikoff. That a Russian prince should be found conspiring against Russian despotism in these days is in itself nothing remarkable. There are a lot of them taking part in that dangerous and exciting game. Princes are rather common in Russia, and the title confers no such exalted distinction as it does in other countries. But that Prince Vladimir Tcherikoff should be actively engaged in this secret warfare against the czar is both remarkable and tragic. For the czar is his own half-brother.

That such is the relationship between them is well known in the inner circles of Russian revolutionaries, though no mention of it has ever before found its way into print. The prince himself acknowledges the relationship, but it does not diminish one jot his devotion to the cause which aims at the abolition of czarism altogether.

His mother held a high position in the court of the late Czar Alexander III. His reputed father was a wealthy land owner who was at one time connected with the Russian ministry of the interior. But that his real father was the czar was one of the open secrets of the Russian court and was known to every member of the imperial family. Among his associates now are men who were deep in the plot which led to his grandfather's assassination. And he is heartily co-operating with them in their plots to hurl his brother from the throne—by assassination, perhaps, if other methods fail.

WEALTHY MAN.

The prince is wealthy. He might have become far wealthier had he not early been inculcated with the revolutionary virus. He was trained for the diplomatic service, and the path of advancement would have been made easy for him by his potent and august Enskoff on the national side had he not fallen under the spell of Toletsky's genius. That made despotism in any form—even when personified by his own brother—abhorrent to him. He abandoned all thought of becoming a diplomat, but himself drifted from court and for a long time devoted himself to spreading the doctrines of the great Russian philosopher. That probably would have landed him in Siberia or in a dungeon in some Russian fortress had he remained in Russia. So he came to England and established a printing press at Chiswick, Hants, not far from London, and from it he publishes popular editions of Tolstoy's works, both in English and Russian. Much of his literary output is also issued from this princely printing shop and smuggled into Russia.

The prince contributes generously to the revolutionary cause. He is a frequent speaker at Russian revolutionary gatherings in London. His advice and suggestions have often been found extremely useful by members of the inner circle who were desirous of circumventing the Russian police or obtaining access to high dignitaries of the Russian court.

What New York is to the plotters of revolution in South America and the West Indies, London is to the men and women who are planning in secret to overthrow the governments of the old world. London is the vastness affords them an asylum, and by its very size it renders the efforts of their home governments to trace them and to keep track of their doings one of the most difficult tasks in the world.

QUIET COUNTRY HOUSES.

The quiet, unassuming gentleman who rents a house in a London suburb and leaves home apparently for the city every morning attracts little or no attention from his neighbors. Some of them may notice that he is a foreigner, and they see nothing unusual then in the fact that most of his visitors are foreigners. The local policeman never bothers him, for he is a foreigner, and he is not a Russian. He is engaged in a plot to overthrow a European government and perhaps to murder an emperor. Indeed, it would be none of the policeman's business to interfere if he did know, so long as the quiet foreigner broke none of the laws of England.

Another advantage which London offers in addition to its vastness is its proximity to the continent of Europe. These revolutionary plotters can make flying trips to their own country without any of the formalities which would be required if they were to travel by sea. They can be back in the safety of London within a week. The Russian revolutionaries are constantly crossing and recrossing the English channel and it is safe to say that nearly every boat train which arrives at Victoria station bears one or more men whose liberty at least, if not their lives, would be forfeit if they fell into the hands of the police of their native countries.

There are hundreds of these unassuming plotters scattered all over London, but by far the most interesting of them all is the group of men which has been trying for years to overthrow the czar and to establish democratic government in Russia. For the reasons given above, London was selected many years ago as the most suitable headquarters for the Russian revolutionary movement, and practically every move of importance which has been made for the last 10 years in the struggle for Russian freedom has been planned, and in many cases partially carried out, in London. The metropolis of Great Britain is losing its importance as the center of the Russian revolution since the bonds of the czar have been somewhat relaxed in Russia, but all the records are still kept in London for safety's sake, and the leading plotters still find the freight rate offered is proportionately low.

THE REAL HEADQUARTERS.

The real headquarters of the Russian revolutionary movement, then, for the last 10 years has been a quiet unassuming house in a street of exactly similar houses in one of London's best residential suburbs. It is in a western suburb, but for obvious reasons it would not be wise to particularize further. The English police, as I have said, are not cognizant of its existence, but the Russian secret police have ways of finding out about it. The house is a small one, but it is a house where the Russian revolutionaries have been working for years. It is a house where the Russian revolutionaries have been working for years. It is a house where the Russian revolutionaries have been working for years.

This quiet house is the residence of S. Petroff, who is the real head of the fighting section of the Russian revolutionists. Petroff is not the name by which he is known in Russia, but it is a name which he has adopted for English use, and which he is very well known to ship-owners and agents who are not averse to taking a rather long chance when the freight rate offered is proportionately low.

No doubt American newspaper readers have often wondered how the Russian revolutionaries managed to possess themselves of the arms of precision which they have used in all the recent outbreaks, and how it was that, when Finland was ready to insist on the restoration of her parliament and other liberties, every armed band of revolutionists was found to be in possession of a rifle and a supply of first class ammunition. Petroff could tell about it. He would, for he is the man who has shipped hundreds of thousands of rifles and revolvers and millions of rounds of ammunition from England to his fellow revolutionists in Finland and Russia. In fact, most of the revolutionary supplies for Russia arrive at their destination by way of England. The coast line of Finland is an extensive one and so cut up by inlets and bays that it is impossible for the Russian naval

IRELAND BOASTS A REAL WILD MAN

In the Woods He Makes His Home And Lives on a Diet of Berries.

LIKE A PREHISTORIC SAVAGE.

He Flees from Fellow Men and May Be Seen Only on the Most Lonesome Wastes and Commons.

Special Correspondence.

UBHLIN, Nov. 28.—Certain villages in Ireland are rife with the story of a wild man, who lives in the woods and eats berries, roots, fish and small quadrupeds, just like a prehistoric savage. He has silvery locks, a long snow-white beard, and a scab-covered and a horribly emaciated body. He dresses in garments old, scanty, tattered and torn. It is said he has never had a home—the whole of his whereabouts three scores and ten years, or thereabouts, have been spent in the open air—and that as far as is known he has no name. The story told of him by the peasantry is that he was dumped on a desolate Irish moor, when a small, pretty child, by a leathern, vagabond mother of, terrible to say, gentle birth and education, and that alone he has wandered ever since, fleeing from his fellowmen as though some wild, timid creature of the night, and making his home in the densest woods and on the most lonesome wastes and commons. It is to be wondered at that he lost his senses and language, and is now regarded only as a harmless, roaming idiot, of whom no person, save perhaps a few little children live in fear.

WHEN LAST SEEN.

When last seen the unhappy old wanderer, as he is called locally, was in the woods near the little village of Kinsale, and what a pitiful spectacle he presented! Fishing in a small stream, he was seen by a young man, who shot of him then he was on his feet, running, though not without a limp, and with his ragged clutched feverishly about his body, like the proverbial March hare, towards a lofty tree into the branches of which he eventually clambered with the nimbleness of a wild forest cat. And once in his lofty perch he uttered no word, no offer of money, food or clothing—would induce him to come down.

Lying along a broad branch and hiding his brown hairy face on his arm and amongst his long hair, for whole hours he remained as still and as silent as a marble statue. He did not move as much as a muscle, while not a single word, groan or sigh escaped his clenched lips. At last, weary of waiting for the fugitive from civilization to move into a more favorable position for securing another photograph of him, the photographer continued his way.

The daylight was now melting away into twilight, and the huge wood was beginning to echo again with the owl's hoot, the fox's bark and the badger's snarl. And long before he reached the high road the photographer could hear the wretched man laughing in the tree-top—laughing a loud, hollow, unnatural laugh—and whooping in chorus with the hooting owls. It is said, though doubtless no one knows for certain, that the man cannot talk plainly and that his vocabulary is limited to but a score of words or so. In the more poverty stricken and desolate districts of the Emerald Isle the man is familiar to most of the peasantry, who give him clothes from time to time, and when the givers have withdrawn to a distance, then and only then will he come and

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Many words and phrases which we stigmatize as univernally American, prove, upon examination, to be of the phraseology which Chaucer and Spenser and Shakespeare employed. The same may be said, of course, of some words which the dictionary now informs us are obsolete—obsolete as the barbarous customs and superstitions with which they are cotemporary. Still, the modern Americanism which proves to have been of classical lineage commands respect and sympathy. Like consideration cannot be extended to barbarism such as "graff" and "hoodlums." The former, honest English slang for hard work, has been twisted, as does the waters, into a synonym for dishonesty and corruption. "Hoodlum" is a classic. It is the western equivalent of the Latin of the Romans, of the High Rip Gang, of the Hooligans, and other disreputable forms of ruffianism with which exploits we have been made unpleasantly familiar.

America is a great mint in which modern slang is coined. A word of a century ago, in the papers, and is at once current. The representative of an English paper adopts the new term and introduces it into an article, and in inverted commas, afterwards distinguished in yesterday's Times, soon it will be used in the same august column without quotes. Then it will be ready for common employment in the same way. "Chauvins" was first a term of approbrium. It came to us from France, where, during the reign of terror, brigades, whose pleasant fancy was to burn the feet of their victims to make them reveal their treasure, were called "Chauvins," which had an enormous vogue during the Russo-Japanese war, came from the same land, taken from a French play of 70 years ago, to anticipate the immense favor which "ting" was later to enjoy in England. The first Tories were robbers, just as the first Hoovers, the name given to their treasure was a word of Indiana, were "robbers," whose method of putting out of the fight those whom they intended to rob the latter term unpleasantly suggests.—London Standard.

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